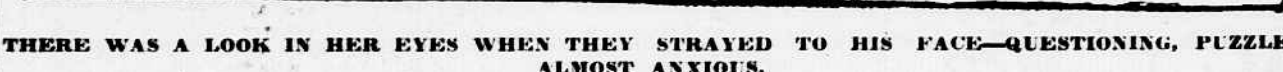


One of Samuel Hopkins Adams Best Stories

"Now, ladies
pounced, "Mr.
owner, suh."
"rest?" asked
him has to
from here as
the mob
quite so easy
her, in his
the turpen-
they'll have
guarded be-
fight from
deaded Miss
the road



THERE WAS A LOOK IN HER EYES WHEN THEY STRAYED TO HIS FACE—QUESTIONING, PUZZLE
ALMOST ANXIOUS.

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